

P O E M S

B Y

WILLIAM KENDALL.

K

— male nominatis
Parcite verbis.



PRINTED BY R. TREWMAN AND SON, FOR G. G. J.
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EXETER.

M,DCC,XCIII.



ADVERTISEMENT.



THE judgment of literary friends, rather than the desire of praise, has induced the author to hazard this publication: he has laboured to render his verses correct, but claims the usual indulgence for *early* compositions.

The ELEGIAC STANZAS originate in real emotion, and breathe a spirit of uniformity: Yet it must be remembered that genuine sorrow was ever monotonous.

From his OCCASIONAL VERSES are selected such only as seem calculated for general readers. A few may possibly appear interesting.

In constructing the SONNETS, *Italian* rhythm has been adopted : A chaste and elegant model, which the most enlightened poet of our own country disdained not to contemplate. Amidst the degeneracy of modern taste, if the studies of a Milton have lost their attraction, legitimate Sonnets, enriched by varying pauses and an elaborate recurrence of rhyme, still assert their superiority over those tasteless and inartificial productions, which assume the name, without evincing a single characteristic of distinguishing modulation.

The FAIRY FANTASIES were written at the request of a friend whose
taste

taste and literary attainments are scarcely exceeded by his acknowledged professional abilities. That Fairy personification, with distinct scenery and appropriated action, would introduce new combinations of music, was originally an idea of Mr. Jackson, and perfectly coincided with the Author's opinion. His idea was not erroneous. The Fairy Fantasies are splendid efforts of genius as *musical* compositions: Their claim to merit in a *poetical* view, the reader must determine. To this class some new Songs were added after the completion of Mr. Jackson's music: He composed them agreeably to the first sketches, and although they have been since amended, in a few instances, the corrections could not be adapted to the music.

These

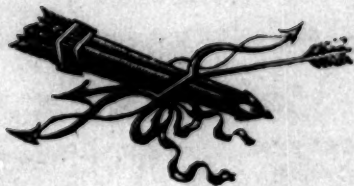
These observations will account for the slight difference of expression which may be discovered, should Mr. Jackson's music hereafter appear.

CATULLUS, the translator had once an idea of publishing, on a new plan, with English Imitations. To this end, he had collected every edition and commentary of repute, and had made considerable progress in the text and translation. The appearance of Doering's edition in 1792, which contains an accurate collation of all the controverted readings, with the remarks of antient and modern editors, anticipated the most useful part of his plan, and induced him to relinquish his undertaking.

The

The few *Imitations* subjoined, were not selected for their superior merit, but as specimens of the manner of Catullus, untainted with his offensive indelicacy.

Exeter, July 1793.



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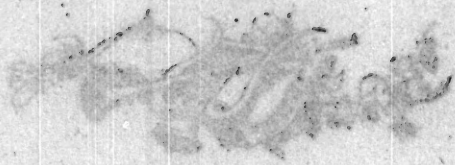
INVOCATION

TO LAURA.

O Thou, whose smiles divine have power
To calm the swelling tide of woe,
And where the clouds of sorrow lour
To bid the gales of pleasure blow;

For thee, sweet maid, with artless lyre
A trembling lover wakes the lay;
For thee, in songs of soft desire
His soul impassion'd melts away.

Bright source of love's immortal flame,
Approve the measures as they flow:
Thy praise can give eternal fame,
Thy smile eternal bliss bestow!



INVOCATION

TO LARNA

O Larne, whose spirit dwells in power,
To lead the wandering soul of man,
And where the winds of sorrow pass,
To bid the gates of heaven show;

For thou, sweet heart, with angel's fire,
A burning love within thee lies;
For thou, the spirit of the world,
Thou art the spirit of the world.

Bright words of love, thy voice is heard,
Against the morning of the day;
Thy words are pure and true,
Thy words are pure and true.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

— Non son —

Questi sospiri ardenti
Refrigerio del cuore;
Ma son piuttosto impetuosi venti
Che spiran nel incendio, e'l fan maggiore
Con turbini d' amore.

THE STANLEY

I.

SONG.

HOW soon o'er the morn of my youth
Her shadows pale sorrow has thrown,
How soon from the glances of truth
Life's pleasing delusions are flown!

No more thro' the vale as I rove
Bright visions illumine the air:
The mountains are clouded—the grove
Resounds with the voice of despair.

Return, ye gay dreams of delight,
And gently deceive my fond mind;
For truth, while she hastens your flight,
Leaves torment unceasing behind!

SONG.

II.

SONG.

E'ER Laura met my ravish'd view,
My cheek confess'd health's roseate bloom;
My soul, nor love nor sorrow knew—
How beauty's power hath changed my doom!

'Mid lonely glades, with tear-fraught eyes,
Wandering I mourn my secret pain:
The passing breeze, with lengthen'd sighs,
In pity murmurs to my strain.

Now, lull'd by hope's elysian smile,
My fears in silent slumber rest;
Now dreams that every thought beguile,
Serenely soothing, cheer my breast.

But ah! too soon my grief returns—
Again tumultuous passions rise;
Again my tortured bosom burns,
And all the dear illusion flies!

To

III.

TO MUSIC.

SHALL grief the spring of youth deform ?
Goddess, awake ! dispel the storm.

When all our early hopes decay,
What varied charms attend thy lay ;
What calm delight thy notes serene
Diffuse, to cheer life's lonely scene ;
Let bards in lofty measures tell,
More skill'd to sound the muse's shell :
Let these, replete with lyric flame,
In rapturous verse exalt thy name,
Inspired with melting sweetness sing,
Or boldly sweep the fervid string.
Be mine an humbler wreath to gain—
To paint a fond enamour'd swain,
By passion's flattering dream betray'd,
Who flew to meet a yielding maid ;
But, hapless, for his promis'd fair
Clasp'd the fell demon of despair !

Assist

Assist me in that mournful hour,
Bright goddess, to record thy power.

Where the wan moon in scatter'd streams
Profusely pours her pensive beams
Along the valleys lonely way,
I see the love-lorn mourner stray.
Oft to the skies he turns his sight,
Invokes the living lamps of light,
Or throws convulsive glances round,
Or wildly gazes on the ground.
But ah ! no tears bedew those eyes,
From that pale lip no murmur flies :
He faints—he falls ! his languid breath
Hangs fluttering o'er the verge of death.

Harmonious nymph—resume thy reed,
Till sorrow's wound no longer bleed !

Hark ! breathing rapture o'er the skies,
Ætherial sounds sublimely rise.
The goddess hears,—she wakes the reed :
The wounds of sorrow cease to bleed ;

And,

And, sweetest of the warbling throng,
Nights minstrel emulates the song.
Again her swelling voice prepares
Diviner measures, softer airs.
Swift from their haunts, on slender wing,
The Fairy bands delighted spring !
In crowds they fly—no lingering sprite
Of all the shadowy tribes of night,
In dripping cave, or mossy cell,
Remains to weave the wonted spell.
Retired within a veiling cloud
The listening Fays their numbers shroud ;
And as the soaring song aspires
Return the strain with echoing lyres.

Behold, unrivall'd power, behold
The wondrous scene thy lays unfold.
Enchantress ! o'er that faded cheek
Serenely stealing tears bespeak
What lenient aid thy notes impart,
What balm to heal a wounded heart.
Grief's raging pang for thee subsides,
And passion checks his whelming tides.

The swain revives ! he feels thy breath
Dispel the louring gloom of death :
He drinks thy spirit chearing note
And all his fears in Lethe float.

Now, goddess, now, thy labours cease !
The lover's sorrow sinks to peace.
Assembled Elves ! in close array
Your squadrons join, and haste away !
In dewy grot, or leafy bower,
With mystic dance consume the hour,
Till orient rays of ruddy light
Announce the falling reign of night.

Bright guardian of melodious lay,
Awhile farewell ! I own thy sway :
My bosom feels thy sacred fire,
I bend obedient to thy lyre.
Lives there a wretch of rugged soul
Unaw'd by Music's soft controul ?
Let LOVE the senseless savage wound—
Ev'n HE shall own the force of sound.

SONG.

IV.

SONG.

SLEEPLESS eye-lids dim with tears,
Languid accents, breathing woe,
Sighs of sorrow, throbbing fears—
Lovers, only lovers, know!

What tho' ALL in life's short day
Feel awhile the storm of grief;
Hope affords a transient ray,
Fleeting pleasures yield relief.

Fame at length rewards the brave;
Time can envy's self destroy:
But o'er love's neglected slave
Ages pass, nor waft a joy.

V.

SONG.

FOND youth, the plaintive lyre resign,
Thy songs sincere unheeded pine,
Thy lays too deeply sigh :
Not all the mournful muse's art
Could ever win a woman's heart,
Or melt a scornful eye.

Let flattery's liquid graces stream,
From every line let praises beam,
Divinely paint her charms :
Imperious beauty then may deign
With yielding smiles to meet her swain,
And bless his longing arms !

SONG.

VI.

SONG.

YE dreary wilds, ye pathless glades,
Whose gloom no sounds of joy infest ;
Amid your sadly-silent shades
I seek the tranquil seat of rest.

Here let me lie in peace reclined,
Here let my loud lamenting close :
May no rude voice, no rustling wind
Disturb a mourners sweet repose !

If roused by love's impassion'd strain,
These eyelids ope again to weep ;
May death, dissolving sorrow's chain,
Reward my cares with endless sleep !

VII.

TO INSENSIBILITY.

PARENT of ease, by fate assign'd
To calm the restless powers of mind,
O thou, whose solitary sway
The passions' fury train obey ;
Whose might, affliction's smiles confess,
Can blunt the dagger of distress :
Too long each agonizing smart
That wakes to woe the feeling heart,
Desponding thoughts and anxious fears
Have bathed these sleepless eyes in tears !
At length from fortune's rage I fly,
And breathe to thee my votive sigh :
Love's faithless shrine I seek no more,
Thee, thee alone my lays adore.

Tho' tempests rise, and chilling strife
Destroy the tender bloom of life ;

Unalter'd

Unalter'd nymph ! no veiling tears,
No blush on thy smooth cheek appears.
Dim as cool twilight's dawning ray,
E'er yet the vivid tints of day
With orient lustre gild the plains,
Thy never changing eye remains.
Eternal source of soft repose !
From thee nor joy nor sorrow flows :
'Tis thine, with opiate smiles, to tame
Despair's wild wave and envy's flame.
At thy approach, a mournful train,
Love's pining slaves forget their pain,
Or strive with tranquil soul to bear
The sting of heart-corroding care,
Till thou with lenient hand diffuse
On every wound thy balmy dews :
Then, feeling's tyrant reign is o'er
And hope and fear distract no more.

Hail goddess, at whose shrine I bow !
I woo thee with no fruitless vow.
I feel at length unwonted rest
Breathe slowly o'er my labouring breast.

When

When fate's tormenting fiends assail,
Thus ever let my verse prevail;
Propitious thus my prayer attend
Till life, and pain, and terror end!
Should passion's storm again invade
The slumber of my peaceful shade,
Oh, shield me in thy sheltering arms,
Chase from my soul love's rude alarms;
Wave, gently wave thy magic wand—
In cold oblivion quench his brand!

So shall the Muse unceasing pay
At thy lov'd fane a languid lay;
Where (charm'd by softly soothing sound,
While listening swains her lyre surround;)
This placid strain shall ever flow:
"If aught can calm a lover's woe,
If aught the captive mind can free—
'Tis blest **INSENSIBILITY!**"

SONG.

V.

TO LAURA.*

BORNE on the humid wing of night,
 When clouds and gather'd tempests rise;
 And pale-eyed spectres urge their flight
 In sullen pomp along the skies:

When

* At the moment this sheet was printing off, the Poems of Mrs. Robinson were sent to the author by a friend. In page 123 of that elegant collection, is contained an answer to the above Elegy, entitled "Echo to him who complains." The Elegy is stated by Mrs. R. to have appeared in the Oracle of the 25th of June, 1790, addressed to LAURA, and signed 'Ignotus.' In a note on this signature, the writer is supposed to be *Della Crusca*. Sufficiently gratified by the flattering mistake and by the exquisite poem to which it has given rise, Mr. K. would not have mentioned this circumstance, had he not been anxious to prevent every suspicion of interfering with the literary property of Mr. Merry.

In the years 1789 and 1790, Mr. K. resided in London, where he wrote this Elegy. Having a particular reason to wish its insertion under the signature *Ignotus*, he left a copy himself at the Office of *The World*, where he was unknown. Not observing its appearance, he called a few days after, requesting the composition might be returned, but was informed it had been mislaid. How it came into *The Oracle*, he cannot explain.

When the swift flash of horror gleams
 O'er the wide heath—MY passing form
 A mournful fleeting phantom seems,
 A kindred spirit of the storm.

So

The superior elegance of Mrs. Robinson's *ECHO*, induces the author to present it to the reader, who will perceive a difference in the last stanza of the *original* Elegy, which in its primitive form, ended thus :

“ What power like Laura's scornful eye
 “ Awakes the ruthless rage of pain ?
 “ What terror bursting from the sky,
 “ Like Love distracts the tortur'd brain ?”

A slight variation he imagines occurred also in other verses, but the rhimes were similar.

ECHO TO HIM WHO COMPLAINS.

O FLY thee from the shades of night,
 Where the loud tempests yelling rise ;
 Where horror wings her sullen flight
 Beneath the bleak and lurid skies.

As the pale light'ning swiftly gleams
 O'er the scorch'd wood, thy well-known form
 More radiant than an angel seems,
 Contending with the ruthless storm.

I see the scowling witch, DESPAIR
 Drink the big tear that scalds thy cheek ;
 While thro' the dark and turbid air,
 The screams of haggard ENVY break.

From

So fierce the withering fiend despair
 Frowns in the furrows of my cheek ;
 So sadly thro' the lurid air
 My cries of piercing anguish break !

Loud-bursting down the craggy steep
 The mountain torrents hoarsely roar :
 Unmoved amidst the winds I weep,
 Amidst th' affrighted groves deplore.

Around tho' sever'd branches fall,
 And flocks and fearful shepherds start ;
 Yet no tumultuous scenes appal
 A lost rejected lover's heart.

Can

From the cold mountain's flinty steep,
 I hear the dashing waters roar ;
 Ah ! turn thee, turn thee, cease to weep,
 Thou hast no reason to deplore.

See fell DESPAIR expiring fall,
 See ENVY from thy glances start ;
 No more shall howling blasts appal,
 (Or with'ring grief corrode thy heart.

See FRIENDSHIP from her azure eye
 Drops the fond balm for ev'ry pain
 She comes, the offspring of the sky.

" TO RAZE THE TROUBLES OF THE brain."

Can raging winds, can troubled skies,
Can rushing torrents raise alarms ;
With cruel speed while Laura flies
To bless a favour'd Rival's arms!



IX.

TO FORTUNE.

RESISTLESS anguish fires my thought
With energy to madness wrought—
Burst wildly forth, ye songs of woe,
Ye lyric streams, tumultuous flow!

Spirit! to whom the frantic cries
Of fate's desponding victims rise,
Where discord wakes her thrilling strain,
Where shrieks of war affright the plain;
Where clashing arms terrific shine—
To drench the field in blood be thine!
From scenes like these, avenger, say
What lures thy wandering steps away?
Dispel not thus the sacred charm
That soothed my slumbering soul's alarm,
Nor chase the vision of relief,
Nor whelm a wretch in tenfold grief!

Thro'

Thro' life's relentless tempest tost,
Methought each sense of pain was lost :
Oblivious peace my sighs suppress'd,
And bade my fluttering pulses rest.
But rudely torn from languor's shrine,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, again I pine.
Peace wings afar her trackless flight—
New terrors rise : new fears affright !

“ Sunk in eternal slumber, lies
The maid that erst awoke thy sighs :
Nor weeping love's unspotted truth,
Nor all the fervid prayers of youth,
Nor virtue's warmest wish could save
The bloom of beauty from the grave.”

My big heart beats : my glowing veins
Vibrate with more than mortal pains :
My shivering limbs, my visage pale,
Too well affirm the mournful tale.

Tormenter ! cease that sickly smile !
Can airy phantoms now beguile ?

To

To crown ambition's brow, display
The victor's palm, the poet's bay—
No blooming wreath my songs require,
No ray demand of heavenly fire.
For tearless eyes thy charms unfold,
Thy glittering piles of guilty gold ;
Me wealth nor fame nor power can please—
All, all I ask is languid ease,
Lethargic hours from passion free,
Not joy but listless apathy !

E'er fate this humble boon denies,
To thee I raise my streaming eyes !
Shall life consum'd by slow decay
In lingering torment waste away ?
Rouse all thy fury ! swiftly shed
Heaven's fiercest horrors o'er my head !
Rend the frail texture of my frame,
With withering heat my blood inflame !
Let death approach with hurried pace
And clasp me in his cold embrace !

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OCCASIONAL VERSES.

Non isdegnate queste—
Picciole offerte sì, ma però tali
Che se con puro affetto il cor le dona
Anco il ciel non le sdegni.

OCCASIONAL VERSES

THESE VERSES
WERE WRITTEN
BY THE AUTHOR
IN THE YEAR
1840

I.

To LAURA.

ON HER PORTRAIT.

LET baffled art her skill forego—

She fails thy form to trace.

How faint reflected beauties glow,

How lifeless pictured grace !

Nymph of delight ! what heavenly dies

Can looks of love display ?

Impassion'd blushes, speaking eyes,

What pencil can pourtray ?

Compared with thee, can language tell

How coldly colours shine ?

Gold as they seem, they yet excel

All mortal charms but thine !

II.

TO DELIA.

WHILE mortal strains avail to bless
The lingering moments of distress—
While taste refined and polish'd ease,
And grace and matchless beauty please ;
So long th' enraptured muse shall raise
To Delia's name the song of praise !

O, never, never, (since she fled,
For whom my bosom fondly bled,
For whom with unabating fire
My fervid lips still breathe desire)
More cruel seem'd time's swift career
Than when thy voice entranced my ear ;
When wafting magic bliss around,
The harp awoke a plaintive sound ;
When Delia's converse lull'd my woes,
And sorrow felt a short repose.

A short

A short repose—no MORTAL strain
Can dissipate the rage of pain.



SONG.

III.

SONG.

ON Delia's cheek when love display'd
The timid smile of youth ;
My soul adored an artless maid,
I vow'd eternal truth.

When time o'er every blooming grace
The glow of summer spread
New beauties sparkled o'er her face—
But all my passion fled !

Thus, vernal roses sweeter seem
When morn's first blushes rise,
Than when the sun's maturer beam
Illumes meridian skies !

To

IV.

To JULIA.

THIS curious eye that oft unfolds

The secret shades of mind,
In thee, with ravish'd beam, beholds

A maid from vice refined !

Soft as thy soul, thy gentle mien

Bespeaks a spotless breast :

The storms that cloud life's dreary scene

Have spared the seat of rest.

No roving wish thy glance betrays,

Nor darts malignant fire,

Thy modest smile disdains to raise

The tumult of desire.

No restless thoughts by envy fed,

Assert their fierce controul,

Inflame thy cheek with guilty red,

Or rudely rend thy soul.

To

To these dire foes the powers of truth
Afford a firm defence,
Bright guardians of thine artless youth,
Thy maiden innocence.

Thee, JULIA, virtue's pure-ey'd train,
Thee love himself reveres ;
And when to bless th' exulting plain,
Thy tranquil form appears.

With soften'd radiance beaming sweet,
The light of beauty breaks ;
Nor scorches with meridian heat
The lillies of thy cheeks.

Calm'd at thy presence, smoothly glide
The troubled streams of woe,
And gloomy terror's frantic tide
Awhile forgets to flow.

How oft since LAURA'S bitter scorn
Stole all my joys away,
And gave my heart by passion torn
To fierce despair a prey ;

Thy

Thy chasten'd look, thy melting eye,
Thy voice that breathes delight,
Have bade grief's frowning spectre fly,
And cheer'd the gloom of night!

For THEE my willing muse should pour
The flood of verse along,
For THEE on daring pinions soar
Amid the blaze of song:

But LAURA from my sleeping lyre
Hath torn the sweetest string;
And hopeless love's consuming fire
Hath scorch'd the muse's wing.

V.

To MARIA.

On a favourite red-blossomed Thorn.

THO' purest tints at opening morn
O'er Heaven's pale azure beam ;
With purer lustre, lovely Thorn,
Thy rosy flowerets gleam.

Yet vainly strives that fleeting bloom
With MARY's blush to vie :
Her blushes chear the wintry gloom
When all thy blossoms die !

VI.

To Mr. JACKSON,

OF EXETER.

THE Bard who PINDAR'S* mighty name
 Assuming, gains the steep of fame;
 In deathless verse thy skill displays,
 With magic sweetness sings thy praise:
 Yet, minstrel of the Graces, hear
 Unpolish'd songs tho' rude, sincere.

Soother of love's severest pain,
 The muse impassion'd prompts thy strain.
 Strike, pensive strike the trembling string,
 In soul-subduing measures sing!
 With melody's divinest fire,
 Like Orpheus animate the lyre!

F 2

I feel

* In the "Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians," for 1793, PETER PINDAR has addressed an exquisite sonnet to the same gentleman.

I feel thy lays light-floating round—
 My bosom vibrates at the sound :
 In sweet oblivion lost, with thee
 I sink in dreams of extasy.
 Now, fancy-led my spirit flies
 To fairer climes, to purer skies,
 No fears disturb, no cares annoy,
 Each thought is love, each accent joy.

The measures change! 'tis joy no more—
 Of slighted vows the notes deplore.
 My soul dissolves in tenderest woe,
 Delicious tears unbidden flow !
 So sadly pleasing seems my grief,
 That scarce my bosom seeks relief;
 So sweet the sorrowing songs aspire
 I bless the pensive mourner's lyre ;
 Delighted hear his voice complain,
 Nor, drown'd in rapture, heed his pain.

Had He* whose ever-during rhimes
 Exalt the muse of elder times,

The

* COLLINS. Ode to the Passions.

The muse whose all-commanding powers
Were witness'd in Athenian bowers,
Felt the pure bliss thy notes impart ;
The Bard had own'd their equal art—
Since all the charms to THINE belong,
His lays ascribe to GRECIAN song.



VII.

To LAURA.

An Imitation from GUARINI.*

WHY frowns my fair? The mighty bliss
 Was bought with equal smart.
 I rudely stole a rapt'rous KISS,
 I paid thee—with my HEART!

* MADRIGALE LXXI.

Bacio rubato.

NON fu senza vendetta
 Il mio furto soave:
 Però non vi sia grave,
 Dolci labra amorose,
 Ch' a le vostre vermiglie, e fresche rose
 Caro cibo involassi a 'i desir miei;
 Se per pena del furto il cor perdei.

VIII. SONG.

VIII.

SONG.

NYMPHS ! with balmy smiles caressing,
Hear the Poet breathe desire :
All his graceful numbers blessing,
Sweetly languish o'er his lyre !

When the morn of beauty beaming,
Sheds for you her rosy rays ;
His soft notes melodious-streaming
Waft to distant climes your praise.

When your charms in age declining
Lost to love no longer glow,
In his verse immortal shining
All your early graces blow !

IX. IMPROMPTU.

IX.

IMPROMPTU.

Written on the sea-shore with a party of ladies.

CHARM'D, we view the stormy main
While conflicting winds complain ;
Charm'd, behold th' unruffled deep,
While the billowy horrors sleep.
Ever various as the seas
Thus can lovely woman please—
When her beauties smile serene,
Rapture dwells upon her mien ;
When they flash their angry fire,
Tho' we tremble, we admire!

X.

To MARIA.

On an incident at Chess.

EXULTING, o'er the chequer'd land
I led to war my sable band,
Where firmly ranged in close array
Thy snow-clad legions urged their way :
Untimely on th' embattled plain
I saw my valiant leader slain,
Untimely mourn'd a slaughter'd host,
Tho' bent victorious wreaths to boast.

How oft my scatter'd ranks between
Resistless march'd the white-arm'd Queen—
No phalanx check'd her rash career,
Each sable warrior shrunk with fear :
Till proud to shield his monarch's life,
Or perish in the glorious strife;

G

Before

Before the Queen's unguarded crown
My turret spread a baleful frown :
The scepter'd Nymph her state maintain'd,
When nought but swift retreat remain'd,
Defenceless stood, delay'd her flight,
And sunk beneath the turret's might.
When grief disturb'd thy pensive mien
When angry accents mourn'd the Queen :
(Misdeeming all my valour won
By swift surprise alone undone)
Reluctant to the chequer'd board
My lingering hand the chief restored :
But e'er my foe resum'd her ground
Insulting triumph breathed a sound.

Shock'd at the rude triumphant strain,
Resentment roused thee to complain :
From eyes that once serenely beam'd,
Indignant flashes wildly stream'd ;
That placid form in anger rose,
Nor deign'd the doubtful fight to close.

Confusion

Confusion trembled thro' my frame,
My bosom glow'd with conscious shame.
New courage rose! ah, then, no more
His rashness could the bard deplore;
For, lovely mid thy soul's alarm,
Disdain had heighten'd every charm.
The rising blush expressive spread
O'er all thy cheek delicious red,
And sparkling glances fiercely bright
On every feature beam'd delight.

Such lustre glowing looks impart,
So well reveal a feeling heart;
That while I pour this artless rhyme,
I languish to repeat my crime!

XI.

To MARIA.

IF tranquil beams forsake thine eye,
If smiles that sweetly bless
At every dear-bought conquest fly;—
Farewell, ye fields of chess!

For me let rival warriors rest,
No more I tempt the fight:
One look of peace by THEE suppress'd,
Not vanquish'd KINGS requite!

XII. To

XII.

To JULIA.

OF JULIA's dulcet smile I sing,
Let rapture burst from every string—
Let eyes of heavenly radiance shine
With equal light from lays divine!

Her lyre with myrtle blossoms crown'd,
With laurel wreaths her tresses bound,
Lo! pure-eyed virtue lends her aid
To celebrate a spotless maid.

At JULIA's name the Graces rise,
Cœlestial sweetness fills the skies,
Airs melting airs soft winds prolong,
While listening love applauds the song.

Ah! love applauds my verse in vain,
Relentless sorrow chills the strain:
Yet, every charm my song conceals,
My ravish'd soul in silence feels!



SONNETS.

Ogni mio studio
'E di sfogare il doloroso core—
Non d'acquistar fama.

ST. JOHN'S

colato: due litri

— 1910 —

Source: *Author's calculations*.

I.

SONNET.

To a poetical friend.

WASTE not in fruitless toil youth's fleeting prime,
 Nor genial love's delight too long refuse:
 Scorn wisdom's lore, and scorn the tempting muse!
 On lowly pinions skim the realm of time,
 Careless of all who gain a loftier clime,
 Who bathe their tresses in Castalian dew;
 Yet sorrows cannot shun, of varied hues,
 Sorrows, that ever haunt the sons of rhyme.
 What dream of airy joy deludes thy mind?
 Ill can the muse thro' life's tempestuous glade
 THY wanderings cheer—she weeps herself to find
 How oft the fairest hopes of merit fade,
 How oft the world, to worth, to genius blind,
 Deems wisdom air, and virtue's self a shade!

II.

SONNET.

In the manner of the earlier poets.

THY yellow tresses floating in the wind
 Loose o'er thy breast a sportive lustre throw,
 Like scatter'd sun-beams dancing o'er the snow :
 Oh! could their warm effulgence melt thy mind,
 Unfeeling nymph, or teach thee to be kind,
 As frost dissolves before the sunny glow ;
 Propitious gales of love should ever blow,
 Scatter thy locks, their beamy gold unbind,
 And thro' thy bosom kindle soft desire.
 Then should I pierce that adamant heart,
 That polar ice with genial heat inspire.
 Ah me! no ray thro' polar ice can dart—
 Unchanging rock! To thee fierce passion's fire,
 To thee love's burning sighs no warmth impart!

III. SONNET.

III.

SONNET.

To a dissolute character.

WHO that can breathe the fragrant air of day
Delighted roves beneath nocturnal skies,
When chilling dews, and noisome vapours rise :
Who but a wretch like thee to vice a prey?
Ah, THOU canst spurn immortal beauty's sway!
Endearing looks, pure blushes, tender sighs,
Not all the melting eloquence of eyes
From senseless revellers thy steps delay,
Who hail thee Lord, and bow to thy behest.
Wilt thou for this love's sacred rites forego,
Licentious monarch of the ribbald jest?
Vain as thy rival, man's insensate foe,
Who proudly scorn'd obedience with the blest,
To reign in realms of death and endless woe.

IV.

SONNET.

66 **O**N hope's alluring scenes tho' fortune frown,
 " If love's gay radiance yield a transient light,
 " Fearless of want, fearless of envy's might,
 " I'll win the fairest guerdon of renown,
 " Or pluck bright honour's wreath my verse to crown :
 " Whate'er betide, whate'er my toil requite,
 " Lead, glory lead ! I'll soar a lofty flight
 " Till loud acclaims my ravish'd senses drown,
 " 'Till fame in LAURA's heavenly smile appears."
 Thus vaunted erst the victim of desire—
 But glory's meed no more his bosom cheers,
 With dying love the poet's lays expire :
 The muse dissolv'd her lyric strain in tears,
 When sorrow quench'd ambition's eager fire.

V. SONNET.

V.

SONNET.

THE hero, dauntless, on war's crimson plain
Hears shouts of joy proclaim the foe's success:
Soon fiercely-rushing myriads round him press—
No coward fears his rapid steps restrain;
With tenfold fury fir'd, he breathes disdain,
Riots in blood, and struggling with distress,
As dangers thicken, heeds the peril less;
Till faint, he falls by matchless numbers slain:
Thus He who long unpitied pour'd his sighs,
Or wept in fruitless grief the hours away;
Tho' scarce one cloud of early passion flies,
Tho' deepen'd shades obscure the passing day;
Yet feels mid frequent storms new courage rise:
His spirit strengthens, while his hopes decay.

VI.

SONNET.

On LAURA's illness.

SPIRITS of death, your fatal rage forbear !
Shall beauty's orient beam with ruthless pain
For ever veil'd, in dim eclipse remain,
In dim eclipse of health-consuming care ?
Disperse, ye dreary phantoms ! hear my prayer !
Propitious hear a weeping wretch complain,
And, moved to pity by his pensive strain,
Life's tender flower from withering tempests spare !
They hear, my love—they heed the fond request.
Thy smiles revive to chase the gloom of night !
Smiles that alone can lull my fears to rest,
Smiles that unfading shine, divinely bright,
Whether in sickly pale thy cheek be drest,
Or health's warm roses blush delicious light !

VII. SONNET.

VII.

SONNET.

AMBITIOUS worldlings ! count not him supine,
Who fame's seductive voice unmoved can hear :
Worthless to him her proffer'd gifts appear.
He shuns the field where glittering trophies shine—
For honor's high reward let others pine ;
Him humbler toils await ; not less severe :
To check the passions in their mad career ;
With virtue's smile enamour'd, to resign
Each rapturous joy of youth's enlivening age ;
To waste the silent hour in anxious pain,
And every fear and every hope assuage :
'To feel corroding cares yet ne'er complain—
Labours like these HIS weary thoughts engage,
Whom the world deems of folly's listless train.

VIII. SONNET.

VIII.

SONNET.

TO THE SPIRIT OF LAURA.

SHADE of delight ! shade whom my sighs revere !
Oh lead thy love where blissful phantoms dwell :
Whether in radiant bowers or lonely cell
Thy spirit rest, there let HIS form appear ;
There haply feel, if spirits feel, the tear
Warm from relenting eyes spontaneous swell,
Bathe his wan cheek and all his woes dispel.
Vain are his hopes on earth and vain his fear :
A purer realm the mourner's toil repays,
Where spotless pleasure blooms eternal youth.
Not long his lingering flight thy love delays,
Not long laments thy loss in strain uncouth—
Hark ! angels wake their harps, while he displays
Angelic charms—simplicity and truth !

IX. SONNET.

IX.

SONNET.

On the dismemberment of POLAND, and the events of 1793.

OF spirit valiant, weak of outward frame,
 Too weak to bear the boisterous din of men,
 I'll hide me in some solitary glen,
 Where never vice unveil'd her scenes of shame.
 Riot and war the maddening world inflame :
 Unblushing tyranny deserts his den—
 Come, sweet concealment ! shroud me from his ken,
 Nor let his bloody record boast my name !
 Ye thoughts for others' weal that vainly pined,
 Ye faded cheeks with deadly paleness spread,
 Eyes, whose cold languor speaks a sorrowing mind,
 Declare, how oft my heart profusely bled,
 When KINGLY RUFFIANS triumph'd o'er mankind,
 And BRITISH vengeance—BRITISH honor—fled !

X.

SONNET.

ILL fated oak, dark frowning o'er the plain!
Amidst thy tresses of luxuriant green,
The wood's wild choristers were whilom seen,
Chaunting their melodies of simple vein:
When volla'd thunder tore thy trunk amain,
Fearless, unbending was thy lofty mien;
Majestic ruin! safe from storms I ween
The supple weeds beneath thy wreck remain.
Ruin'd in innocence, like thee I stand;
Youth's wither'd front with dauntless courage rear,
To brave corruption raging o'er the land:
When blasting calumnies my visage sear,
When vice triumphant joins the yelling band;
Like thee, I meet my fate, and feel no fear!

XI. SONNET.

XI.

SONNET.

YES, Fancy yields me love's resistless lyre !
 To wake the song of melody is mine,
 Smoothly to modulate the luscious line,
 With rapture melt, or tenderness inspire :
 The breath of genius fans my youthful fire,
 Celestial harmony forsakes the shrine,
 Where erst she sat amid the choral nine,
 And listening to my lays that breathe desire,
 Marks the warm tears from LARVA's eye-lid steal !
 Those sacred drops no mortal measure drew—
 I rave ! I dream ! Can death's pale shadow feel ?
 Silent, for ever cold !—Renew, renew
 Thy plaint, that well might read a heart of steel !
 Not Fancy's self conceives the vision true !

XII.

SONNET.

CONSOLE a mourner, nymphs ! no longer coy,
 Frown on my blighted youth : from cares I fly.
 The mellow beamings of an artless eye,
 The blush of innocence, the breath of joy,
 Enchanting accents, smiles that chase annoy,
 Ye will not, cannot to a wretch deny,
 Whom lingering misery condemns to sigh,
 Till pity's tear the flame of grief destroy.
 No venal slave am I, the muse's scorn,
 No base idolater of filthy gold—
 Victim of beauty's power, with passion lorn,
 The sport of fortune, virgins, ye behold.
 Unveil your charms ! recall hope's vernal morn !
 E'er shades of endless sleep my form enfold !

FAIRY FANTASIES.

' Ah spare the weakness of a lover's heart—
Chase not the phantoms of my FAIRY DREAM,
Phantoms that fade at reason's painful gleam.'

SECRETARY GENERAL

I.
PRELUDE.

IN silence too long have I sigh'd,
And breathed my soft sorrows in vain :
My tears but awaken her pride,
My verse but invites her disdain.

Shall love all my pleasures destroy,
Shall grief ever doom me to pine ?
Forbid it, delusions of joy !
Let Fancy's bright empire be mine.

With Elves of the sun-beam I'll glide,
I'll rove the gay realms of delight ;
In the cloud, in the whirlwind I'll ride—
Or flit with the visions of night.

On the strand when the wild billows roar,
I'll mount in the foam of the deep ;
'Mid ruins hear spectres deplore,
Or wander the desert and weep ;

Thro'

Thro' ice-cover'd regions I'll pass,
Lakes, mountains, and cool-dripping cells;
With Fairies strew flowers on the grass,
And gaily dance over the dells.

Ye phantoms ! that silence alarms,—
Ye shadows ! that soften desire,—
Ah shroud a fond youth with your charms,
Till love's gloomy tempests retire !



II. CAVERN.

II.

CAVERN.

SPIRITS, list ! unhallow'd eyes

Daring view our mysteries—

Thro' the cavern as ye fled

Heard ye not a mortal tread ?

E'er he rashly venture near,

Warn we thus his eager ear :

‘ Bold intruder ! breathe no sound—

‘ Softly, softly stalk around :

‘ Silent view the wondrous scene,

‘ Work divine of forms unseen—

‘ Trembling gaze, nor rudely brave

‘ Spirits of the secret cave !

‘ High in airy splendor hung,

‘ We the lucid gems have strung,

‘ Flashing on thy ravish'd sight

‘ Quivering floods of liquid light ;

K

‘ Purer

‘ Purer radiance, milder rays
‘ Than the solar beam displays.

‘ We the massy rock have rent,
‘ We the ponderous arch have bent ;
‘ Streams assuming shapes unknown
‘ Pendant frown, congeal’d to stone ;
‘ Monstrous forms, to daunt thine eyes,
‘ At our bidding instant rise.

‘ Favour’d mortal ! haste away :
‘ Hie thee to the realms of day !
‘ E’er our mystic shouts rebound
‘ Dreadful, thro’ the vast profound ;
‘ E’er we shroud thy soul in night ;
‘ Swiftly, swiftly speed thy flight !

III. BURNING

III.

BURNING MOUNTAIN.

FIERCE-EYED Elves, attend my call !

Hear the task your Queen assigns ;

Quit the caverns' chrystal hall,

Yawning gulphs, and gloomy mines ;

Hither be your wanderings bent,

Pierce the mountains' secret cells :

Here mid struggling vapours pent,

Thunder forth terrific yells !

Thunder ! till th' imprison'd steams

Hurl aloft the riven rock ;

Till the kindled sulphur gleams

Bursting with redoubled shock :

Then with frowns affright the skies,

Thro' the deepening shadows stray,

Bid the smoky volume rise,

In the livid lightening play !

Swiftly down the mountain side
Floating flame in torrents urge,
Dreadful thro' the deluge ride,
Riot on the fiery surge !

When the work of fate is done,
Seek with me the central deep ;
There the radiant horrors shun,
There in cooling grottoes sleep !



IV. LAKES.

IV.

LAKES.

WHERE the wave in slow meanders
Winds beneath o'erhanging trees ;
There your Elfin empress wanders,
There she quaffs the morning breeze :

Rising from her reedy pillow,
Round the moss-clad rock she plays ;
Leaning on her pearly billow,
All the liquid realm surveys :

Envious shades the landscape banish—
Shades my radiant mirror shroud :
See the glossy stillness vanish—
Chase oh chase that ruffling cloud !

Gentle Elves ! in streamlets brawling
Down the pendent forest flow ;
Foaming high, or faintly falling,
Join the lucid lake below !

Soon

Soon the formless cliff ascending,
Spread with vapoury veil the scene ;
Misty steams and mountains blending,
Soften nature's savage mien !

Noon opposes—flame-surrounded !
To your rocks, my Fays, repair !
There in caves with thickets bounded
Wake your woe-dispelling air.

While the lake with trembling lustre
Owns the magic of your songs ;
While amidst your Fairy cluster
Echo every note prolongs ;

Lull my toil with opiate numbers
Till the star of evening glows :
Lap me in oblivious slumbers,
Wave the wand of soft repose !

V.

DREAMS.

NOW the star of day descends,
Now the din of nature ends—
Visions ! hear our Elfin cries,
Phantoms ! airy spectres, rise !
Well ye know to us belongs
Power to rule your mingled throngs !

Go ! with bloody garlands crown'd,
Glide the murderer's couch around ;
Near the base seducer lie,
Wildly shriek, and sadly sigh :
Or in sable robes array'd,
Flit before the faithless maid !

If the lover's eyelid close,
Soothe with slumber soft his woes ;
Lull the restless swain's alarms,
Lead the virgin to his arms,

Pour

Pour the nectar-streaming kiss,
Bathe his ravish'd soul in bliss !

Shadowy forms, our call obey !
Wander where we point the way—
Soon, too soon, unwelcome light
Melts the parting shades of night ;
Then must we our sports forbear,
Then with you dissolve in air !



VI. GLACIERES.

VI.

GLACIERES.

WHERE icy billows strew the plain,
Mid rattling hail, and sleety showers,
In realms of frost we spirits reign;
In varied sport consume the hours.

O'erwhelming weights of gather'd snow
Oft from the hoary mount we tear;
Deep-thundering down the vale below,
Or whirl'd in eddies thro' the air.

'Mid desert rocks, in regions drear,
Fantastic scenes our skill displays:
Their snow-built spires the cities rear,
The groves their chrystal branches raise,

Ætherial Elves unnumber'd beams
O'er all our wild creations throw,
Cold sapphire radiance, emerald streams,
And blushing rays of ruby-glow.

What scenes of glory yet remain !

What secret wonders might we tell !

But, hark—our queen forbids the strain,

And calls us lingering to her cell.



VII.

R U I N S.

DEMONS.

ROCKING whirlwinds shake the dome—
Fays of darkness, hither roam !
Shapeless legions, shades of fear,
Heed ye not ? appear ! appear !
Earthquakes heave the panting ground,
Fanes dismantled totter round :
Hark ! with hideous roar they fall !
Loudly bursts the shatter'd wall !
Columns quiver ! arches groan !
Sinks the mighty mass of stone—
Wherefore Fairies thus delay ?
Hither, hither haste away !

FAIRIES.

Imps of horror ! cease your strain—
Yes, we hear ; but hear in vain :

Dare not, cannot heed your cry—
Fate forbids her Fays to fly.

Frown, ye DEMONS ! Fiends, destroy !
Fays serener bliss enjoy.

We, when silence veils the skies,
O'er the ruin'd temples rise :
Thro' the vaulted roof o'erthrown
Some in hollow murmurs moan ;
Some upon the moon-beam sail
Dimly clad in glimmering mail ;
Some, to brave the wintery wind,
Falling piles with ivy bind ;
Some along the mouldering heap
Teach the hoary moss to creep :
All in tranquil scenes delight,
All in peace consume the night.

Frown, ye DEMONS ! Fiends, destroy !
Fays serener bliss enjoy.

VIII.

LIGHT.

COME, Fairies that revel in light,
Shall we float on the beams of the moon;
Illumine the shadows of night,
Or brighten the lustre of noon?

Shall we pour glowing tints from the sun
The gay-coloured arch to adorn;
Strew meteors, in crowds as we run,
Or blush in the crimson of morn?

To the north, starry region, repair,
And o'er the cool azure diffuse
Pale glances quick-trembling in air,
Warm flashes and fiery hues?

No! no! on the lightnings wild wing,
With Elves of the tempest we'll fly:
While THEY in the storm shrilly sing,
WE'LL glare thro' the gloom of the sky!

IX. GROVES,

IX.

GROVES, &c.

WITHIN these groves and bowers serene
Retired from mortal haunts afar,
When rising o'er the shadowy green
Appears mild evening's welcome star ;

We sportive Elves and wandering Sprites
Join on the flower-enamell'd ground,
To celebrate our festive rites,
Or lead the mazy dance around.

The trees a lively foliage gain
Beneath whose sheltering shade we stray,
And deeper verdure decks the plain
Where'er our magic circles play.

Now lightly glance our nimble feet,
Now, smoothly sliding o'er the grass,
We haste Titania's train to meet
Nor shake a dew-drop as we pass :

And

And oft on silken wings upborne
Thro' the dim air our sports pursue ;
Till scatter'd by the breeze of morn,
We quickly vanish from the view !



X.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

VIRGINS ! mild as vernal showers,
Sweeter far than opening flowers,
Fond seducers ! would ye know
Whence your soft allurements flow ?
Elves alone by nature led,
Elves your morn of beauty spread !

We your tender cheeks to flush,
Thrice refine the rose's blush ;
For your veins' delicious blue,
Steep a violet leaf in dew ;
For your skins' resplendent white,
Steal a ray of lunar light ;
For the glances of your eyes,
Snatch a sunbeam from the skies !

Thus in life's enchanting bloom
Fairies every grace illumine :

Fairies

Fairies hail your morn of youth,
Tranquil hour of artless truth—
Pleased when mortal charms dispense
Lovely looks of innocence!

But when passion's eager rage
Sheds th' untimely blight of age;
When delusive art appears,
Faithless accents, feigning tears—
All your blest protectors fly!
All your beauties fade and die!



XI.

S E A.

NIGHT wakens the tempest ! the bark speeds away—
 Scale the billow, fleet Elves ! boldly dash in the spray !
 When clouds veil the skies,
 The gleam of your eyes
 Tho' mild as the moonbeam is radiant as day.

Hoarsely scream the fell spirits ! oh silence their quire !
 Smoothe the wide-swelling surge ! clothe the waters in fire !
 Leave the mist-cover'd steep !
 Hurry on to the deep !
 Protect the swift pinnacle till dangers retire !

" We hasten, fair chief !—the wind sinks at our strain :
 " The storm disappears that o'ersadow'd the main :
 " On the cliff, on the sand,
 " In clusters we stand :
 " We twinkle like stars on the sea's level plain !"

'Tis well—wait the morn ! when the sunny rays glow,
Should the nymphs lave their limbs let the tide gently flow ;
Soft smiles from the fair
Rewarding your care,
While ye sport with the wave on their bosoms of snow !

Then wander the rocks, and explore every shell
Beneath whose pure roof pearly hues love to dwell ;
Bring leaflets, bring flowers
From coralline bowers,
Bring gems of rich lustre to lighten my cell !

“ We hear and obey—to thy banquet we fly :
“ With gems of rich lustre we'll rival the sky,
“ We'll bring thee bright flowers
“ From coralline bowers,
“ And carol thy praises till ocean reply !”

XII.

DESART.*

TRAVELLERS.

FALSE Arab! faithless robber, stay!
When water fails, will guides betray?
We faint with thirst! no drop remains
To slake our lips, or cool our veins!
He flies—he flies—with treacherous haste
He leaves us on the dreary waste:
Clear springs, he said, or verdure mild
Would cheer us o'er the trackless wild,
Or stars of gold the sand illumine,
Or groves of cool acacia bloom:
'Twas falsehood all—no verdant scene
But bitter senna's barren green,
No woods appear, no waters bless—
Unbounded, hideous wilderness!

* See Bruce's sublime narrative of his journey over the desert of Sennaar.

SPIRIT.

Loud lamentings, piercing cries

Fill the solitary plain :

Spirits of the desert—rise !

Rise ! 'tis man's insensate train.

Lo for guilty gold they stray—

Avarice leads their impious crew !

Withering squadrons, blast their way—

Ruthless fiends ! their steps pursue !

Desolate the burning land,

Thro' the dusty whirlwind glare,

Stalk amid the pillar'd sand,

Scorch the breezes, taint the air !

Let nor worm, nor insect breath

Live beneath the venom'd gale—

Spread the purple haze of death,

Turn the sultry planets pale !

Instant be our task begun !

FURIES.

Fiend of death ! the work is done.

Sandy whirlwinds sweep the ground—

Fiery columns close them round—

Now they tremble ! Now they sink !

Haste thee life's last sob to drink !

Poison taints the blushing sky,

Winds breathe flame—they die ! they die !



XIII.

FLOWERS.

WEEP, deserted flowers of night—

We must waken day's delight !

We must weave in nature's loom

Summer radiance, vernal bloom.

Morning opes her purple eyes—

Orient colours, countless dyes

Dissipate the spell of sleep :

Weep, deserted poppies, weep !

Fays no more in filmy trance

Round your slumbering leaflets dance.

Rising from night's spectred scene,

Now we gambol o'er the green ;

Flit where noon-tide fervors shine,

Fan the blossoms e'er they pine,

Cooling airs on welcome wing

To the fainting lilly bring ;

Animate

Animate the fading rose,
Laugh in every bud that blows.
Glorious revel!—soon it ends!
See, the misty gloom descends.
Stay thee—bright-hair'd imp of light!
Check thy steeds' ungovern'd flight!
Eve's triumphant shadow lours:
Round her visage, dim with showers,
Shrivelling moon-beams faintly play:
We must leave ye, buds of day!
Flowers of silence, mourn no more—
Fays your filmy trance restore.
Softest dews of slumber fell,
While we breathed that opiate spell:
Silent poppies! cease your fears—
Visionary bliss appears.

XIV.

CONCLUSION.

THE Fairy visions melt away,
Each rapturous dream of bliss is flown :
To slow-consuming cares a prey,
I feel of love the pangs alone.

When day's declining prospects fade,
And darkness reassumes her reign ;
Eager I seek the midnight shade,
There midst imbowering woods complain.

Once Hope my pensive wanderings blest,
And cheer'd my path with glittering dreams ;
Once Fancy own'd me for her guest :
Ah ! then I lov'd the moon's pale beams !

No more I court her pleasing light
In deepest woods I shroud my care ;
For Hope is lost in endless night,
And Fancy dwells not with DESPAIR !

IMITATIONS

OF

CATULLUS.

AD PASSEREM LESBIAE.

PASSER, deliciae meae puellae,
Quicum ludere, quem in sinu tenere,
Quoi primum digitum dare adpetenti,
Et acris solet incitare morsus :
Quum desiderio meo nitenti
Carum nescio quid lubet iocari,
(Vt solatiolum sui doloris :
Credo, ut tum gravis acquiescat ardor)
Tecum ludere, sicut ipsa, possem,
Et tristis animi levare curas ;
Tam gratum mihi, quam ferunt puellae
Pernici aureolum fuisse malum,
Quod zonam soluit diu ligatam.

TO LESBIA'S SPARROW.

SWEET Sparrow, all my Love's delight,
Whose wanton frolics charm her sight ;
By Lesbia's playful hand caress'd,
As oft she lays thee on her breast,
Her taper fingers tempting seek
The sportive vengeance of thy beak :
When cares oppress,—the soft relief,
The soothing solace of her grief !
With thee, like Lesbia, might I play ;
Like her my weary woes allay :
With softer joy should I be blest
Than ATALANTA's self confess'd ;
When gold, amidst the rapid race,
Unbound her zone and check'd her pace.

LUCTVS IN MORTE PASSERIS.

LUGETE, o Veneres, Cupidinesque,

Et quantum est hominum venustiorum.

Passer mortuus est meae puellae,

Passer, deliciae meae puellae,

Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat :

Nam mellitus erat, suamque norat

Ipsam tam bene, quam puella matrem :

Nec sese a gremio illius movebat ;

Sed circumsiliens modo huc, modo illuc,

Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,

Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam :

At vobis male sit, malae tenebrae

Orci, quae omnia bella devoratis :

Tam bellum mihi passerem abstulistis.

O factum male ! O miselle passer,

Tua nunc opera meae puellae

Flendo turgiduli rubent ocelli.

ON THE DEATH OF LESBIA'S SPARROW.

YE Graces, weep ! ye Loves, complain !
Lament, ye men of softer vein !
Her soul's delight, her Sparrow dies,
More loved by Lesbia than her eyes :
The sweetest bird ! as honey mild !
He follow'd Lesbia like a child—
He never from her bosom stray'd,
For her alone he fondly play'd,
Now here, now there, while leaping light,
He chirp'd his lay and charm'd her sight ;
Who now a dreary road must fly,
Whence all return the fates deny.

Ye shades of death, ye shades unblest,
May tenfold gloom your realms invest !
On all that lovely lives ye prey,
YE tore my lovely bird away.
Oh luckless bird ! Oh cruel deed !
For THEE my heart is doom'd to bleed—
For THEE forlorn my Love appears,
Swoln her soft eyes and red with tears !

AD LESBIAM.

VIVAMUS, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis.
Soles occidere et redire possunt :
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

Da mi basia mille, deinde centum,
Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum :
Dein, cum millia multa fecerimus,
Conturbabimus illa, ne sciamus,
Aut ne quis malus invidere possit,
Cum tantum sciat esse basiorum.

TO LEBBIA.

O, Let us love our lives away,
Nor heed what wrinkled sages say !
The setting sun relumined shines—
When once our shortlived day declines,
We hail, alas ! no dawning light,
We sleep one long eternal night.

My lips with thousand kisses bless—
Swift with a hundred more caress !
A rapturous thousand yet impart—
Still with a hundred cheer my heart !
A thousand yet ! a hundred more !
With glowing myriads swell the store !
So swiftly then we'll mingle blisses,
Not Envy's self shall count our kisses !

AD LESBIAM.

QUAERIS, quot mihi basiationes
 Tuae, Lesbia, sint satis superque ?
 Quam magnus numerus Libyssae arenae
 Laserpiciferis iacet Cyrenis,
 Oraclum Iovis inter aestuosi,
 Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulcrum :
 Aut quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
 Furtivos hominum vident amores :
 Tam te basia multa basiare,
 Vesano satis et super Catullo est,
 Quae nec pernumerare curiosi
 Possint, nec mala fascinare lingua.*

* The influence of Magic did not extend (according to ancient superstition) beyond the limit of numbers.

TO LESBIA.

HOW many kisses must I sip
 To satiate love from Lesbia's lip?—
 O seek Cyrene's fragrant shore,
 The countless Lybian sand explore,
 From where Jove's fervid fane is rear'd
 To antient Battus' tomb revered;
 Or swift the sum of stars unfold—
 Of stars that secret joys behold,
 When night in silent splendor glows
 And all but lovers seek repose :—
 So many kisses must I sip
 To satiate love from Lesbia's lip !
 With these my raging passion bless—
 CATULLUS only feels excess,
 When no keen eye can count his joy,
 *No envious spell his bliss annoy !

* Vide the note in the opposite page.

IN NUPTIIS JULIAE ET MANLIJ.

COLLIS o Heliconei
Cultor, Uraniae genus,
Qui rapis teneram ad virum
Virginem, o Hymenae Hymen,
Hymen o Hymenae :

Cinge tempora floribus
Suaveolentis amaraci.
Flammeum cape : laetus huc
Huc veni, niveo gerens
Luteum pede soccum :

Excitusque hilari die,
Nuptialia concinens
Voce carmina tinnula,
Pelle humum pedibus, manu
Pineam quate taedam.

Namque

ON THE NUPTIALS OF JULIA AND MANLIUS.

SON of Urania, hear our strain !

From Helicon's bright summit glide :

Thou, who to bless her eager swain

Leadst swiftly on the virgin bride,

For thee our choral measures rise —

With Hymen's name we wake the skies !

To crown thy brow, let flowerets sweet

Of marjoram a garland lend.

Haste, bring the veil ! thy snowy feet

Adorn'd with yellow sock, descend !

Come ! hither come, with joyful cry !

Awake, awake the nuptial sound !

O wave thy piny torch on high,

And beat with measured step the ground !

Namque Julia Manlio,
Qualis Idalium colens
Venit ad Phrygium Venus
Iudicem, bona cum bona
Nubit alite virgo:

Floridis velut enitens
Myrtus Asia ramulis,
Quos Hamadryades Deae
Ludicrum sibi roscido
Nutriunt humore.

Quare age, huc aditum ferens
Perge linquere Thespieae
Rupis Aonios specus,
Lympha quos super inrigat
Frigerans Aganippe:

Ac domum dominam voca,
Conjugis cupidam novi,
Mentem amore revinciens,
Ut tenax hedera huc et huc
Arborem implicat errans.

Vos

For, as Idalian Venus fair,
When Paris view'd her glowing charms,
See Julia, spotless maid, repair
In happy hour to Manlius' arms.

Like her's the blooming myrtle's hue
On Asia's odour-breathing shore ;
Whose blossoms, nursed with pearly dew,
The sportive wood-nymphs sprinkle o'er.

Here turn thy step : here wander now—
Leave, Hymen, leave Aonian caves :
Quit Thespia's rock, whose tuneful brow
Cool-streaming Aganippe laves !

Lead to her spouse the blushing bride,
Her soul with love's soft fetters bind ;
In circling folds on every side
As trees with ivy wreaths are twined.

Unspotted

Vos item simul integrae
Virgines, quibus advenit
Par dies, agite in modum
Dicite : O Hymenae Hymen,
Hymen o Hymenae :

Ut lubentius, audiens
Se citarier ad suum
Munus, huc aditum ferat
Dux bonae Veneris, boni
Conjugator amoris.

Quis Deus magis ah magis
Est petendus amantibus ?
Quem colent homines magis
Coelitum ? O Hymenae Hymen,
Hymen o Hymenae.

Te suis tremulus parens
Invocat : tibi virgines
Zonula solvunt sinus :
Te timens cupida novus
Captat aure maritus.

Unspotted maids, whom fate ere long
 Assigns connubial joys to meet ;
Accordant join the choral song,
 In loudly-warbled notes repeat :
 To Hymen let the measures rise,
 With Hymen ! Hymen ! wake the skies !

So may the god of chaste desire
 Invoked prepare his hallow'd rite ;
And, pleased to hear your songs aspire,
 On swifter pinions urge his flight.

What power that roves the realms of air
 Shall ardent lovers worship more ?
What favouring god, with purer prayer,
 With warmer vows shall man adore ?
 To Hymen let the measures rise,
 With Hymen ! Hymen ! wake the skies !

The nymphs with panting bosoms bare,
 Unloose their zones for thy delight :
The parent breathes an anxious prayer,
 The fervid youth invokes thy rite.

Tu fero juveni in manus
Floridam ipse puellulam
Matris e gremio suae
Dedis, o Hymenæee Hymen,
Hymen o Hymenæee.

Nil potest sine te Venus,
Fama quod bona comprobet,
Commodi capere : at potest,
Te volente. Quis huic Deo
Compararier ausit ?

Nulla quit sine te domus
Liberos dare, nec parens
Stirpe jungier : at potest
Te volente. Quis huic Deo
Compararier ausit ?

Impatient to his eager hand

To yield the beauteous maid is thine :

With trembling haste, at thy command,

Maternal arms their charge resign !

To Hymen let the measures rise,

With Hymen ! Hymen ! wake the skies !

False are the joys that love attend,

Unhallow'd, unapproved by fame,

Till nuptial rites their influence lend,

Till Hymen consecrate the flame :

For thee we rend the vocal air,

What god with Hymen can compare ?

No founders of a noble race

Shall time to lasting fame consign ;

His sire no glorious heirs shall grace

Till thou protect the lengthening line :

For thee we rend the vocal air,

What god with Hymen can compare ?

Quae tuis careat sacris,
Non queat dare praesides
Terra finibus : at queat,
Te volente. Quis huic Deo
Compararier ausit ?

Claustra pandite januae,
Virgo adest. Viden', ut faces
Splendidas quatiunt comas ?
Sed moraris, abit dies ;
Prodeas, nova nupta.

Tardat ingenuus pudor,
Quae tamen magis audiens
Flet, quod ire necesse sit.
Sed moraris, abit dies ;
Prodeas, nova nupta.

Flere desine. Non tibi,
Aurunculeja, periculum est,
Ne qua femina pulchrior
Clarum ab Oceano diem
Viderit venientem.

Talis

The climes that nuptial bonds despise,
No guardian power shall e'er command:
Nor kings, nor honour'd heroes rise,
Till thou descending bless the land:
For thee we rend the vocal air,
What god with Hymen can compare?

The virgin comes: the doors unfold:
The torches' waving tresses shine!
Appear, appear, sweet bride, behold
The lucid stars of eve decline!

While modest fear prolongs her stay
The shouts redoubled rend her ear:
She weeps!—The fleeting hours decay,
O virgin bride, appear, appear!

No ill awaits a maid like thee,
AURUNCULEIA! cease to weep:
A fairer nymph ne'er smiled to see
The day-star rising from the deep.

Like

Talis in vario solet
Divitis domini hortulo
Stare flos hyacinthinus.
Sed moraris, abit dies :
Prodeas, nova nupta.

Prodeas, nova nupta, sis :
(Jam videtur) et audias
Nostra verba. (Viden' ? faces
Aureas quatiunt comas.)
Prodeas, nova nupta.

Non tuus levis in mala
Deditus vir adultera,
Probra turpia persequens,
A tuis teneris volet
Secubare papillis :

Lenta qui velut assitas
Vitis implicat arbores,
Implicabitur in tuum
Complexum. Sed abit dies ;
Prodeas, nova nupta.

Like thee. 'mid rival flowerets shines
 The hyacinth in vernal pride !
 But see the star of eve declines,
 Appear, appear, unspotted bride.

Haste, haste !—The beauteous form behold !
 Sweet maid, our clamours reach thine ear !
 The torches wave their locks of gold—
 O virgin bride, appear, appear !

Thy love shall never bid thee grieve,
 Nor cloy'd, nor faithless to thy charms,
 That softly-swelling bosom leave
 To riot in a wanton's arms.

Thee shall his fond embrace enfold,
 As elms invite the circling vine.
 Appear, appear, sweet bride, behold
 The lucid stars of eve decline !

* * * *

O cubile, quot [o nimis
Candido pede lecti]

Quae tuo veniunt hero,
Quanta gaudia, quae vaga
Nocte, quae media die
Gaudcat. Sed abit dies;
Prodeas, nova nupta.

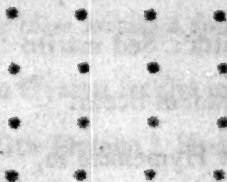
Tollite, o pueri, faces:
Flammeum video venire.
Ite, concinite in modum:
Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Neu diu taceat procax
Fescennina locutio;
Neu nuces pueris neget
Desertum domini audiens
Concubinus amorem.

Soft couch of love, whose ivory feet
 Confess the happiest aid of art,
 How soon on thee shall Manlius meet
 A bliss too mighty to impart!

What rapturous hours shall charm his day,
 What joys the conscious night endear!
 But see the lamp of eve decay—
 O virgin bride, appear appear!

The veil appears! away, away—
 Remove the torches' ardent light!
 Boys, loudly swell the choral lay,
 Hail with shrill shouts th' auspicious night!
 To Hymen let the measures rise,
 With Hymen! Hymen! wake the skies!



Da nuces pueris, iners
Concubine. Satis diu
Lusisti nucibus. Lubet
Iam servire Thalassio.
Concubine nuces da.

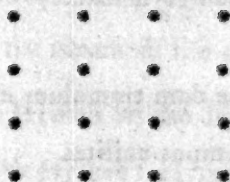
Sordebant tibi villuli
Concubine, hodie atque heri:
Nunc tuum cinerarius
Tondet os. Miser, ah miser
Concubine, nuces da,

Diceris male te a tuis
Unguentate glabris marite
Abstinere: Sed abstine.
Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Scimus haec tibi, quae licent,
Sola cognita: Sed marito
Ista non eadem licent.
Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Nupta

Fond husband, for the youthful throng
 With nuts profusely strew the ground :
 Enough ! Thalassius swells the song :
 The Fescenninian jests resound !



Once, Manlius, every joy was thine
 That youth's unfetter'd warmth allows :
 These roving pleasures now resign,
 A purer bliss awaits a spouse.
 To Hymen let the measures rise,
 With Hymen ! Hymen ! wake the skies !

Nupta tu quoque, quae tuus
Vir petet, cave ne neges;
Ne petitem aliunde eat.
Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeae.

En tibi domus ut potens,
Et beata viri tui,
Quo tibicine serviat,
(Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeae.)

Usque dum tremulum movens
Cana tempus anilitas
Omnia omnibus annuit.
Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Transfer omine cum bono
Limen aureolos pedes,
Rasilemque subi forem.
Io Hymen Hymenaeae io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeae.

Adspice,

Thou too, new-married bride, beware—

Nor shun a husband's eager arms !

Grant all he asks, lest vice ensnare

His soul to court illicit charms.

To Hymen let the measures rise,

With Hymen ! Hymen ! wake the skies !

Behold the mansion of thy spouse :

Delighted there each hour employ,

Till age approach with hoary brows

And all the bloom of life destroy.

To Hymen let the measures rise,

With Hymen ! Hymen ! wake the skies !

Now lightly leap with nimble feet,

Swift o'er the polish'd threshold glide ;

With happy omen haste to greet

The youth who fondly seeks his bride.

To Hymen let the measures rise,

With Hymen ! Hymen ! wake the skies !

Within

Adspice, intus ut accubans
Vir taus Tyrio in toro,
Totus immineat tibi.
Io Hymen Hymenaeë io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeë.

Illi, non minus ac tibi,
Pectore uritur intimo
Flamma, sed penite magis.
Io Hymen Hymenaeë io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeë.

Mitte brachiolum teres,
Praetextate, puellulae;
Iam cubile adeant viri.
Io Hymen Hymenaeë io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeë.

Vos bonae senibus viris
Cognitae bene feminae,
Collocate puellulam.
Io Hymen Hymenaeë io,
Io Hymen Hymenaeë.

Iam

Within on Tyrian couch reclined,
Sweet bride, thy longing husband see!
Thy blushing beauties fire his mind,
Each ardent sigh is full of thee.

Like thine his bosom feels the flame,
The throbbing tumult of desire:
Love, inly gliding thro' his frame,
Consumes his soul with fiercer fire.

To Hymen let the measures rise,
With Hymen! Hymen! wake the skies!

Attendants cease your fruitless aid,
Support no more her polish'd arms;
Swift to the couch attend the maid,
Soothe, gently soothe her love's alarms.

Experienced matrons, chaste and sage,
To hoary husbands long allied,
With speed instruct her artless age:
On nuptial vestments lay the bride!
To Hymen let the measures rise,
With Hymen! Hymen! wake the skies!
Approach!

Iam licet venias, marite :

Uxor in thalamo est tibi

Ore floridulo nitens ;

Alba parthenice velut,

Luteumve papaver.

At marite (ita me juvent

Coelites) nihilominus

Pulcher es, neque te Venus

Negligit. Sed abit dies :

Perge, ne remorare.

Non diu remoratus es.

Iam venis. Bona te Venus

Iuverit : quoniam palam

Quod cupis, capis, et bonum

Non abscondis amorem.

Ille pulvis Erythrei,

Siderumque micantium

Subducatur numerum prius,

Qui vestri numerare volt

Multa millia ludi.

Ludite,

Approach ! and let thy soul be blest—

Stretch'd on the couch her limbs recline—

Love's lillies blossom on her breast,

Her cheeks like opening poppies shine !

Thou too art fair—with favouring eye

Hath Venus view'd thee, beauteous boy !

But see thick darkness veils the sky,

Haste, haste, the rapid hours employ.

The bridegroom comes ! not long delay'd.

Love smiles propitious on the youth

That artless won a yielding maid

By vows sincere and manly truth.

Whoe'er your moments of delight

Should strive by numbers to explore,

As well might count the stars of night

Or sands on Erythræa's shore.

Ludite, ut lubet, et brevi
Liberos date. Non decet
Tam vetus sine liberis
Nomen esse : sed indidem
Semper ingenerari.

Torquatus, volo, parvolus
Matris e gremio suae
Porrigens teneras manus,
Dulce rideat ad patrem,
Semihiante labello.

Sit suo similis patri
Manlio, et facile insciis
Noscitur ab omnibus,
Et pudicitiam suae
Matris indicet ore:

Talis illius a bona
Matre laus genus approbet,
Qualis unica ab optima
Matre Telemacho manet
Fama Penelopeo.

Claudite

Thus ever live in blissful state !

Let children crown the chaste embrace !

Ah sure that glorious name from fate

May justly claim a lengthen'd race.

Soon shall a son with artless charms,

Lean from his mother's breast awhile ;

Stretch to his sire his infant arms,

Half ope his little lips and smile !

While Manlius in his tender cheek

Appears to every gazing eye,

May youthful innocence bespeak

A lovely mother's purity !

As o'er Ulysses' offspring shone

Penelope's unrivall'd fame ;

May Julia's son illustrious own

His spotless mother's equal name !

Claudite ostia, virgines :
Lusimus satis. At, boni
Conjuges, bene vivite, et
Munere assiduo valentem
Exercete juventam.



Ye nymphs, no longer wake the lay,
Close now the gates and cease your strain—
Blest pair ! enjoy life's fleeting day,
While youth and genial years remain !



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